

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 269.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1852.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 109 NASSAU STREET.

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"The convent is founded on a spot which was anciently called Areocuar. Its height above the level of the sea is nearly the same as that of the town of Caracas, or of the inhabited part of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. Thus the mean temperatures of these three points, all situated within the tropics, are nearly the same. The necessity of being well clothed at night, and especially at sunrise, is felt at Caribe. We saw the centigrade thermometer at midnight, between 16° and 17.5°; in the morning, between 19° and 20°. About one o'clock it had risen only to 21°, or 22.5°. This temperature is sufficient for the development of the productions of the torrid zone; though, compared with the excessive heat of the plains of Cumana, we might call it the temperature of spring. Water exposed to currents of air in vessels of porous clay, cools at Caribe, during the night, as low as 13°.

"Experience has proved that the temperate climate and rarefied air of this spot are singularly favorable to the cultivation of the coffee-tree, which is well known to flourish on heights. The prefect of the capuchins, an active and enlightened man, has introduced into the province this new branch of agricultural industry. Indigo was formerly planted at Caribe, but the small quantity of fecula yielded by this plant, which requires great heat, caused the culture to be abandoned. We found in the *conuco* of the community many culinary plants, maize, sugar cane, and five thousand coffee-trees, which promised a fine harvest. The friars were in hopes of tripling the number in a few years. We cannot help remarking the uniform efforts for the cultivation of the soil which are manifested in the policy of the monastic hierarchy. Wherever convents have not yet acquired wealth in the New Continent, as formerly in Gaul, in Syria, and in the north of Europe, they exercise a happy influence on the clearing of the ground and the introduction of exotic vegetation. At Caribe, the *conuco* of the community presents the appearance of an extensive and beautiful garden. The natives are

obliged to work in it every morning from six to ten, and the alcaldes and alguazils of Indian race overlook their labors. These men are looked upon as great state functionaries, and they alone have the right of carrying a cane. The selection of them depends on the superior of the convent. The pedantic and silent gravity of the Indian alcaldes, their cold and mysterious air, their love of appearing in form at church and in the assemblies of the people, force a smile from Europeans. We were not yet accustomed to these shades of the Indian character, which we found the same at the Orinoco, in Mexico, and in Peru, among people totally different in their manners and their language. The alcaldes came daily to the convent, less to treat with the monks on the affairs of the Mission, than under the pretence of inquiring after the health of the newly-arrived travellers. As we gave them brandy, their visits became more frequent than the monks desired."

The personal account of the Indians is throughout in a fresh and living spirit of investigation. A man milliner who happens to be a poet will make a great deal out of the dress of fashionable life, but here is a philosopher who will tell you quite as interesting a story of no dress at all.

## NO CLOTHING OF THE CHAYMAS.

"The Chaymas, like all savage people who dwell in excessively hot regions, have an insuperable aversion to clothing. The writers of the middle ages inform us, that in the north of Europe, articles of clothing distributed by missionaries, greatly contributed to the conversion of the pagan. In the torrid zone, on the contrary, the natives are ashamed (as they say) to be clothed; and flee to the woods when they are compelled to cover themselves. Among the Chaymas, in spite of the remonstrances of the monks, men and women remain unclothed within their houses. When they go into the villages they put on a kind of tunic of cotton, which scarcely reaches to the knees. The men's tunics have sleeves; but women, and young boys to the age of ten or twelve, have the arms, shoulders, and upper part of the breast uncovered. The tunic is so shaped, that the fore-part is joined to the back by two narrow bands, which cross the shoulders. When we met the natives out of the boundaries of the Mission, we saw them, especially in rainy weather, stripped of their clothes, and holding their skirts rolled up under their arms. They preferred letting the rain fall on their bodies to wetting their clothes. The elder women hid themselves behind trees, and burst into loud fits of laughter when they saw us pass. The missionaries complain that in general the young girls are not more alive to feelings of decency than the men. Ferdinand Columbus relates that, in 1498, his father found the women in the island of Trinidad without any clothing; while the men wore the *guayuco*, which is rather a narrow bandage than an apron. At the same period, on the coast of Paria, young girls were distinguished from married women, either, as Cardinal Bembo states, by being quite unclothed, or, according to Gomara, by the color of the *guayuco*. This bandage, which is still in use among the Chaymas, and all the naked nations of the Orinoco, is only two or three inches broad, and is tied on both sides to a string which encircles the waist. Girls are often married at the age of twelve; and until they are nine years old, the missionaries allow them to go to church unclothed, that is to say, without a tunic. Among the Chaymas, as well as in all the Spanish Missions and the Indian villages, a pair of drawers, a pair of shoes or a hat, are objects of luxury unknown to the natives. An Indian servant, who had

\* Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of America, during the years 1799-1804. By Alexander von Humboldt and Aimé Bonpland. Written in French by Alexander von Humboldt; translated and edited by Thomasina Ross. Vol. I. Bohn's Scientific Library. New York: Bangs, Brother & Co.

been with us during our journey to Caripe and the Orinoco, and whom I brought to France, was so much struck, on landing, when he saw the ground tilled by a peasant with his hat on, that he thought himself in a miserable country, where even the nobles (*los mismos caballeros*) followed the plough."

This on the deformities of civilized and savage life is not without its moral.

"The Chayma women are not handsome, according to the ideas we annex to beauty; yet the young girls have a look of softness and melancholy, contrasting agreeably with the expression of the mouth, which is somewhat harsh and wild. They wear their hair plaited in two long tresses; they do not paint their skin; and wear no other ornaments than necklaces and bracelets made of shells, birds' bones, and seeds. Both men and women are very muscular, but at the same time fleshy and plump. I saw no person who had any natural deformity; and I may say the same of thousands of Caribs, Muyscas, and Mexican and Peruvian Indians, whom we observed during the course of five years. Bodily deformities, and deviations from nature, are exceedingly rare among certain races of men, especially those who have the epidermis highly colored; but I cannot believe that they depend solely on the progress of civilization, a luxurious life, or the corruption of morals. In Europe, a deformed or very ugly girl marries, if she happen to have a fortune, and the children often inherit the deformity of the mother. In the savage state, which is a state of equality, no consideration can induce a man to unite himself to a deformed woman, or one who is very unhealthy. Such a woman, if she resist the accidents of a restless and troubled life, dies without children. We might be tempted to think, that savages all appear well made and vigorous, because feeble children die young for want of care, and only the strongest survive; but these causes cannot operate among the Indians of the Missions, whose manners are like those of our peasants, or among the Mexicans of Cholula and Tlascala, who enjoy wealth, transmitted to them by ancestors more civilized than themselves. If, in every state of cultivation, the copper-colored race manifests the same inflexibility, the same resistance to deviation from a primitive type, are we not forced to admit that this peculiarity belongs in great measure to hereditary organization, to that which constitutes the race? With copper-colored men, as with whites, luxury and effeminacy weaken the physical constitution, and heretofore deformities were more common at Cuzco and Tenochtitlan. Among the Mexicans of the present day, who are all laborers, leading the most simple lives, Montezuma would not have found those dwarfs and humpbacks whom Bernal Diaz saw waiting at his table when he dined. The custom of marrying very young, according to the testimony of the monks, is no way detrimental to population. This precocious nubility depends on the race, and not on the influence of a climate excessively warm. It is found on the north-west coast of America, among the Esquimaux, and in Asia, among the Kamtschatdales, and the Koriaks, where girls of ten years old are often mothers. It may appear astonishing, that the time of gestation—the duration of pregnancy, never alters in a state of health, in any race, or in any climate."

We might glean from every page passages like this, always bringing information from the subject and to the subject, always conferring delight.

Is it unnatural that M. Humboldt should quit this, his first residence on the long-desired tropical continent with a burst of

enthusiasm, and that the reader should participate in it?

#### FASCINATION OF THE TROPICS.

"We quitted the shore of Cumana, as if it had long been our home. This was the first land we had trodden in a zone, towards which my thoughts had been directed from earliest youth. There is a powerful charm in the impression produced by the scenery and climate of these regions; and after an abode of a few months we seemed to have lived there during a long succession of years. In Europe, the inhabitant of the north feels an almost similar emotion, when he quits even after a short abode the shores of the Bay of Naples, the delicious country between Tivoli and the lake of Nemi, or the wild and majestic scenery of the Upper Alps and the Pyrenees. Yet everywhere in the temperate zone, the effects of vegetable physiognomy afford little contrast. The firs and the oaks which crown the mountains of Sweden have a certain family air in common with those which adorn Greece and Italy. Between the tropics, on the contrary, in the lower regions of both Indies, everything in nature appears new and marvellous. In the open plains and amid the gloom of forests, almost all the remembrances of Europe are effaced; for it is vegetation that determines the character of a landscape, and acts upon the imagination by its mass, the contrast of its forms, and the glow of its colors. In proportion as impressions are powerful and new, they weaken antecedent impressions, and their force imparts to them the character of duration. I appeal to those who, more sensible to the beauties of nature than to the charms of society, have long resided in the torrid zone. How dear, how memorable during life, is the land on which they first disembarked! A vague desire to revisit that spot remains rooted in their minds to the most advanced age. Cumana and its dusty soil are still more frequently present to my imagination than all the wonders of the Cordilleras. Beneath the bright sky of the south, the light, and the magic of the aerial hues, embellish a land almost destitute of vegetation. The sun does not merely enlighten, it colors the objects, and wraps them in a thin vapor, which, without changing the transparency of the air, renders its tints more harmonious, softens the effects of the light, and diffuses over nature a placid calm, which is reflected in our souls. To explain this vivid impression which the aspect of the scenery in the two Indies produces, even on coasts but thinly wooded, it is sufficient to recollect that the beauty of the sky augments from Naples to the equator, almost as much as from Provence to the south of Italy."

#### THACKERAY'S YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS.\*

YELLOWPLUSH, symbolised by his gamboge inexpressibles, bursting calves, and irresistible lingo, a perfect development in himself of his class, knowing, impudent, and imperturbable, is a shrewd observer of the world about him. Yellowplush statuesque behind his master's chair, absorbent of all that falls from his master's table, Yellowplush with his eye open at the keyhole, and Yellowplush with his ear fastened to the door, sees all, hears all, and knows all. The omniscience of Asmodeus is ignorance to the knowingness of Yellowplush. Yellowplush is a connoisseur of life; his taste is as true to the smack of society as to that of his master's wine. He can distinguish between small beer and shampang glassy, cold bif and pickles, and

sammy-deperdrow, show and substance, the false and the true.

No man is a hero to Yellowplush; in spite of the coiffeur, he can put his hand on the bald spots, he knows the depth of the dye and the scantiness of the varnish. Yellowplush is up to the tricks of life, for he is behind the scenes, and has to do with the juggle, for a consideration—"two livries, forty pound a year, malt liker, washin, silk-stocking and wax candles—not countin wails," as he himself felicitously remarks. And yet Yellowplush is an independent gentleman in comparison with his masters, for his masters do dirtier things at a smaller price. Boot cleaning is a cleaner job than boot-licking, and the vice of the kitchen is virtue to the corruption of high places.

The footman is a favorite character with Thackeray. We follow him from his first place in the Yellowplush papers to his various situations, in the *Jeames' diary* where he is again the hero, in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*. It is a happy conception for the development of Thackeray's humor, in the humorous characteristics of the class, and for the exercise of his power as a satirist of society in the intimate relation of a servant to his master, giving occasion for the expansion of the principle, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre.

It is curious to observe, in the Yellowplush papers, the first sketches of life and character, filled in and finished to the perfection of complete pictures in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*. We can see—congratulating ourselves upon the gain,—and all who are reading and will read the works of the novelist of life and satirist of society,—how much we might have lost if popular success had not developed these masterly sketches into the more elaborate pictures of the great artist. The Hon. Mr. Deuceace, the noble chevalier d'industrie, the astute, unscrupulous whig, Lord Crabbs, the dieaway Miss Griffin, and others, are all etchings, distinct and unmistakable likenesses certainly, of which the Crawleys, the Claverings, the Steynes and the Amorys, of Thackeray's novels, are the finished pictures. The burlesque and caricature are, of course, as is right and proper, more dashing in the sketches, and the satire less subdued by human sympathy and feeling, than in Thackeray's later productions.

Here is a sketch, in a few words, of a household, which gives one as complete and ludicrous a sense of discomfort as Dickens's more elaborate description of Mrs. Jellyby's domestic interior:

"Before the house was a little garden, where washin of the family was always hanging. There was so many of 'em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of lining or other. The hall was a regular puddle; wet dabs of dishcloths flapped in your face; soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you; and while you were looking up, to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagony. The great slattny doddling girls was always on the stairs, poking about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window-seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novels. An infernal pianna was jingling from morning till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters "Battle of Prag"—six youngest Miss Shums, "In my cottage," till I knew every note in the

\* The Yellowplush Papers, by W. M. Thackeray. Appleton's Popular Library.



"Battle of Prag," and cursed the day when "In my cottage" was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnifores, and dogs-eared grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

"As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothink but lay on the drawing-room sofa, read novels, drink, seold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from weeks' end to weeks' end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes, for they kep no servant. This house in John street was in short a regular Pandymony."

We will not quarrel with Thackeray in behalf of the dignity of the literati; we, on the contrary, heartily welcome Yellowplush, grateful to Thackeray for the introduction. Does he not make good his claim to a high place, by his inimitable criticism and taking off of Bulwer, Sawedwadgeorgeearlittbulwig, in the extent to which Yellowplush, in the magnificence of his cacography, enlarges him? Here is an imitation not equalled by Smith or Bon Gaultier:

"Bullwig was violently affected; a tear tood in his glistening i. "Yellowplush," says he, seizing my hand, "you are right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn literary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eye on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Academes—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. O," said Bullwig, clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chandelier, "the curse of Pwometheus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from generation to generation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Wo and thrice bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorseless, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair! And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies; you would wais the awful veil, and stand in the twemendous Pwesence. Beware; as you value your pence, beware! Withdraw, wash Neophyte! For Heaven's sake—O, for Heaven's sake!" here he looked round with agony—"give me a glass of bwandy and water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me."

There is a great deal in the Yellowplush papers, more than its modest title would signify. For instance, there is the story of Mr. Deuceace, which is a condensed novel, having all the essentials, an ingeniously constructed plot, description of scene, personage and character, laughter-moving humor, and tragic pathos.

The Yellowplush correspondence is the happy selection of the Appletons for the second number of their new library, and comes to us in the same attractive, readable form as the first.

# BANCROFT'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION.\*

[SECOND PAPER.]

THE central portion of this volume is occupied with the old French War, the war which first introduced Washington to the world, the war of Montcalm and Wolfe, of Chatham and—on the continent of Europe—of the great Frederick: the war which strengthened the sinews and united the forces of the scattered and unconscious people: the war of the conquest of Canada, which left no antagonist to the rising states of the continent but the British army.

In tracing the effects of this great agency in national development, Mr. Bancroft summons all his resources. Carefully studying the histories and memoirs of the times, he derives new light from the collections of Paris documents recently obtained for New York. Searching, with careful scrutiny, the lives and acts of British statesmen, he detects the germs of weakness in the midst of authority and ambition, which become power with the colonists in America. When a true man comes into view, a man of heroism, and courage, and candor in the midst of an inefficient, weak court, the American instinct of our author grasps him as a brother to the cause. Worn with Halifax and Newcastle, and Boards of Trade, writer and reader both exult with new life at the name of Chatham. A man makes a good figure in Mr. Bancroft's history who had the good fortune at once to be a man of ability and a friend to America.

## CHATHAM.

"A private man in England, in middle life, with no fortune, with no party, with no strong family connexions, having few votes under his sway in the House of Commons, and perhaps not one in the House of Lords,—a feeble valetudinarian, shunning pleasure and society, haughty and retired, and half his time disabled by the agonies of hereditary gout, was now the hope of the English world.

"Pitt knew himself called to the ministry neither by the king, nor by the parliament of the aristocracy, nor by Leicester House, but 'by the voice of the people;' and the affairs of the empire were now directed by a man who had demanded for his countrymen an uncorrupted representation, a prevailing influence in designating ministers, and 'a supreme service' from the king. Assuming power, he bent all factions to his authoritative will, and made 'a venal age unanimous.' The energy of his mind was the spring of his eloquence. His presence was inspiration; he himself was greater than his speeches. Others have uttered thoughts of beauty and passion, of patriotism and courage; none by words accomplished deeds like him. His voice resounded throughout the world, impelling the servants of the British state to achievements of glory on the St. Lawrence and along the Ganges. Animated by his genius, a corporation for trade did what Rome had not dreamed of, and a British merchant's clerk made conquests as rapidly as other men make journeys, resting his foot in permanent triumph where Alexander of Macedon had faltered. Ruling with unbounded authority the millions of free minds whose native tongue was his own, with but one considerable ally on the European continent, with no resources in America but from the good-will of the colonies, he led forth the England which had planted popular freedom along the western shore of the Atlantic, the England which was still the model of liberty, to encounter the whole force of the

\* History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. IV. Little, Brown & Co.

despotisms of Catholic Europe, and defend 'the common cause' against what he called 'the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever threatened the independence of mankind.'"

In the next volume we may look for the trumpet tones of the Great Commoner in debate in Parliament, eloquence known to every schoolboy and of perennial freshness.

The life of Chatham was infused in the breast of Wolfe. Bancroft commemorates their parting interview. "The command of the army on the river St. Lawrence was conferred on Wolfe, who, like Washington, could have found happiness in retirement. His nature, at once affectionate and aspiring, mingled the kindest gentleness with an impetuous courage, which was never exhausted or appalled. He loved letters and wrote well; he had studied the science of war profoundly, joining to experience a creative mind; and the vehement passion for immortal glory overcame his motives to repose. 'I feel called upon,' he had once written, on occasion of his early promotion, 'to justify the notice taken of me by such exertions and exposure of myself as will probably lead to my fall.' And the day before departing for his command, in the inspiring presence of Pitt, he forgot danger, glory, everything but the overmastering purpose to devote himself for his country." And when action seems paralyzed on the St. Lawrence, Wolfe rallies "as one conscious that he lived under the eye of Pitt and of his country." This is the scene which gave to Englishmen the just boast of the Poet:—

"Praise enough  
To fill th' ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.  
They have fall'n  
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,  
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap  
Of smiling Victory that moment won.  
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!  
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still  
Consulting England's happiness at home,  
Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,  
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
Put so much of his heart into his act,  
That his example had a magnet's force,  
And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd."

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

"Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disciplined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground; and fired by platoons, without unity. The English, especially the forty-third and forty-seventh, where Monckton stood, received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire till their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger, wounded, but cheering by his example. The second in command, De Sennebergues, an associate in glory at Tieonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver; and, so soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisburg grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers, Carleton was wounded; Barre, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which destroyed the power of vision of one eye, and ultimately made him blind. Wolfe, also, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist, but still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and, having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. 'Support me,' he cried to an officer near him: 'let not my brave fellows see me drop.' He was carried to the rear, and they brought him

water to quench his thirst. 'They run, they run,' spoke the officer on whom he leaned. 'Who run?' asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. 'The French,' replied the officer, 'give way everywhere.' 'What,' cried the expiring hero, 'do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton; bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives.' Four days before, he had looked forward to early death with dismay. 'Now, God be praised, I die happy.' These were his words as his spirit escaped in the blaze of his glory. Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle-field, high over the ocean-river, was the grandest theatre on earth for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given lustre to length of life; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.<sup>b</sup>

Nor was the death of the hero of many American battles, the gallant Frenchman, Montcalm, companion in its flight of the brave soul of Wolfe, less memorable. The narrative thus goes on:—

#### DEATH OF MONTCALM.

"Monckton, the first brigadier, after greatly distinguishing himself, was shot through the lungs. The next in command, Townshend, brave, but deficient in sagacity and attractive power and the delicate perception of right, recalled the troops from the pursuit; and when De Bougainville appeared in view, declined a contest with a fresh enemy. But already the hope of New France was gone. Born and educated in camps, Montcalm had been carefully instructed, and was skilled in the language of Homer as well as in the art of war. Greatly laborious, just, disinterested, hopeful even to rashness, sagacious in council, swift in action, his mind was a well-spring of bold designs; his career in Canada a wonderful struggle against inexorable destiny. Sustaining hunger and cold, vigils, and incessant toil, anxious for his soldiers, unmindful of himself, he set, even to the forest-trained red men, an example of self-denial and endurance; and in the midst of corruption made the public good his aim. Struck by a musket-ball, as he fought opposite Monckton, he continued in the engagement, till, in attempting to rally a body of fugitive Canadians in a copse near St. John's gate, he was mortally wounded.

"On hearing from the surgeon that death was certain,—'I am glad of it,' he cried; 'how long shall I survive?' 'Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less.' 'So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' To the council of war he showed that in twelve hours all the troops near at hand might be concentrated and renew the attack before the English were intrenched. When De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, asked his advice about defending the city,—'To your keeping,' he replied, 'I commend the honor of France. As for me, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death.' Having written a letter recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the English, his last hours were given to the hope of endless life, and at five the next morning he expired."

It is remarkable with what distinctness and boldness of effect these and other personages start out, in the leading events of their lives, in this history. They appear and reappear on the scene, in the presence of great deeds, with dramatic effect.

The main points of this volume may be thus telegraphed to the reader:—The founda-

tions of union among the Atlantic states laid in the conferences for defence of the frontier against the Indians and French—Growing consciousness of national strength in the exploits of the provincials (never lost sight of by Bancroft), and occasional defeats of the "regulars"—Development of the British policy of irresponsible taxation—Effects of the surrender of Canada by the French in liberating the hands of the colonists—Parallel influences on the continent of Europe of the Seven Years' War, ending in the alienation of Spain and France from Great Britain, and their preparation to aid America in its coming struggle for national life.

These, in Mr. Bancroft's hands, have frequently the force of new positions, from the freshness of his materials and the vigor with which he pushes his conclusions. An example of the life of principle which he seeks to infuse into the story (and a most interesting one it becomes), is his effort to represent the fruitless war on Frederick, of the central powers of the Continent, as a religious struggle of Protestantism and Catholicism—"a war for mastery against the despotic monarchy and the institutions of the Middle Ages, and to secure to humanity its futurity of freedom." As the contest advanced, the fervent Clement the Thirteenth commemorated an Austrian victory over Prussia by the present of a consecrated cap and sword; while, in the weekly concerts for prayer in New England, petitions went up for the Prussian hero, 'who had drawn his sword in the cause of religious liberty, of the Protestant interest, and the liberties of Europe.' 'His victories,' said Mayhew, of Boston, 'are our own.'

The present volume closes with the vivid flashes of Otis in Massachusetts, premonitory of the coming tempest. In the next we shall be in the thick of the conflict, and from the skill in characterization displayed already, and the succinct narrative of the battle fields of Lake George and the West, we may confidently anticipate such a stirring picture of the Revolution as has not yet been presented to American readers.

#### AS GOOD AS A COMEDY.\*

As Good as a Comedy is rather a boastful title for the book of an unknown author, and yet never was promise more faithfully fulfilled. The publishers have given us many amusing books in their humorous library, but the last is worth all the others. Far from a broad caricature, it is on the contrary the most faithful and amusing description of the bright side of Georgia life that we have yet seen. Tom Nettles the wag, and Jones Barry the butt, the vulgar Mrs. Foster, and the spirited Geraldine, the stately Hammond, and the warm-hearted Miles, all in turn, compel our laughter or command our sympathy. Probably the most graphic scene in the book is the horse-race, which is a perfect gem, but there are many others well worth transcribing, and by no means the worst of them is the following result of being

#### DISAPPOINTED IN A DRINK.

"The spectacle soon began. Horses, pied and spotted, and of all colors made their appearance. Children rode, women rode, the clown rode, and it was all sorts of riding. Of course we shall not pretend to describe a spectacle with which every lady is more or less

familiar. Journeys to Brentford, Gilpin's race, and several other pieces were enacted. The equestrians had their share of applause; but, after all, the glory of the spectacle was in that conical fellow, the clown. Buried in a grotesque and monstrous Egyptian mask, his face thoroughly concealed, and so artfully that its location could not exactly be determined, his voice seemed to come from some vaulted and hollow apartment below the ground. His antics were indescribable. His juggling alone must demand our attention, as it somewhat involved one of our acquaintance. It happened that the scene required our clown to take wine with an African magician. He was momentarily expecting him, and he was proceeding to show the audience how he should bamboozle the magician, and finally 'swallow his soul.'

"Swallow his soul!" exclaimed Barry, in horror, to Nettles.

"He'll do it!" said the other, gravely. 'You'll see.'

"Here, now," exclaimed the clown, 'is a brandy-cocktail, in which I've buried Mumbo-Jumbo's soul. It's the most beautiful drink in the world; perhaps you'd like to try it?' said he, and he very courteously presented it to our two friends. Barry saw, as he fancied, some of the fine cognac of which he had partaken freely in that very place, on that very day; and, being exceedingly thirsty, he innocently and incontinently exclaimed—

"I don't care if I do—thank you!" Speaking thus, he rose and put forth his hand; but, by an adroit movement, throwing the long bunch of streamers from his fool's cap full in the face of our hero, the clown gulped down the beverage himself, exclaiming—

"Perhaps you'll wait till you can get it?"

"The audience roared with delight. Furious at his disappointment, and the ridiculous figure which he cut, Barry at once mounted the clown; and, at the first grasp, tore away what seemed to be the entire head and neck of the unfortunate jester. With this terrible evidence in his clutches, he looked around him aghast, scarcely daring to guess the extent of his achievement. The clown, meanwhile, had retreated at the first assault, and before Barry could recover his wits and equilibrium, for he could not well anticipate a renewal of the conflict from one whose entire *caput* he carried in his hand, the mountebank, squatting low, dashed between the legs of our hero, who had, in some measure, straddled the little circuit of earth by which the ring was circumscribed. The face of Barry was to the audience, and the assault of the clown surprised him. He was lifted from his feet before he apprehended danger; and his assailant, rising under his burden, which he did not seem to feel, trotted with him quite across the arena. Barry was thus carried forward horizontally, his head addressing the white, and his heels the negro portion, of the assembly.

"Tom Nettles—Tom!" was all that the poor fellow could articulate; but he screamed and kicked tremendously. His efforts were wasted on the air. The clown had only attained his great flexibility by exercises which had imparted the most wonderful power to his muscles, and Barry was but a child in his grasp. His struggle only increased the fun. The audience shrieked and howled with delight, in proportion to the futile efforts of the captive; and when they beheld the captor hurry with his prey to the negro side of the house, and saw him pitch the unfortunate gentleman headlong into the arms of a great fat negro wench, one of the most enormous in the assembly, who sat trickling with oleaginous sweat, in the third tier, one would have thought the whole pavilion would have come down with the delirious shouts of the multitude.

\* "As Good as a Comedy," or, The Tennesseean's Story. By an Editor. Philadelphia: A. Hart.



"Here's an abolitionist for you, mother Possum-fat!" cried the clown, as he plumped poor Barry into her embrace."

The little plot is ingenious and novel. The fair Geraldine has three suitors, the favorite of them has offended her by his refusal to run a very fleet, blooded horse, and the lady has a vow registered somewhere, that he shall either yield his stubborn will or resign his pretensions. She finally replies to the offers of the rivals, that she can be won only on horseback, that her mother's house shall be the goal of the race, and the parson, guests, and bride be prepared to welcome the victor.

Two of the suitors are men of sense and understanding, and they combine to throw the third person off the track, and also to revenge what they consider an insult. They are successful, and ride by the house—the favorite a neck ahead—waving their hands to the lady, whom they leave to get married as best she may.

A mock duel, the escape of Number Three to the Florida war, and the final explanation between the lovers conclude one of the most truly amusing and thoroughly American books that we have met with.

#### DICKENS'S NEW STORY.\*

Mr. DICKENS'S new story plunges at once into the thick of London and rural life, a large set of family and other peoples, a motley group of humanities, and more than all the heart of an old Chancery suit—the Chancery suit of the Profession, "Jarndyce and Jarndyce," which has been grinding out, droning on in the Courts for half a century. The opening chapter, in which the Lord Chancellor—not Mr. Solomon Pells' familiar old friend of the "Pickwick Papers," but a courtly, gentlemanly, respectfully-treated Lord Chancellor—is sitting, "hard by Temple Bar, in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at the very heart of the fog," is steeped in the very essence of a London November day—a memorable piece of description among the memorable lines hung up in our memories by Dickens. You may read it again and again, till you are "so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd" in that London fog, with all its street and legal odors.

"London. Michaelmas Term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the water had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holburn-hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow-flakes—gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold of street corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers had been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if the day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.

"Fog every where. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among

the tiers of shipping, and the water-side pollutions of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses of the collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the fingers and toes of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

"Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields be seen to loom by husbandman and plowboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look."

The Chancery Suit itself promises to be the hero of the volume, as respectable and well stuffed a personation for the novelist to batter—as his own Quilp breathed himself on the wooden image—as any demolished iniquity among them all, Pecksniff the hypocritical, the man of business incrustation Dombey, "Schoolmeaster" Squeers, stony-hearted Nickleby.

#### "A HERO IN RED TAPE AND LAW PAPERS."

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce drones on. This scarecrow of a suit has, in course of time, become so complicated, that no man alive knows what it means. The parties to it understand it least; but it has been observed that no two Chancery lawyers can talk about it for five minutes, without coming to a total disagreement as to all the premises. Innumerable children have been born into the cause; innumerable young people have been married into it; innumerable old people have died out of it. Scores of persons have deliriously found themselves made parties in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, without knowing how or why; whole families have inherited legendary hatreds with the suit. The little plaintiff or defendant, who was promised a new rocking-horse when Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be settled, has grown up, possessed himself of a real horse, and trotted away into the other world. Fair wards of court have faded into mothers and grandmothers; a long procession of Chancellors has come in and gone out; the legion of bills in the suit have been transformed into mere bills of mortality; there are not three Jarndyces left upon the earth perhaps, since old Tom Jarndyce in despair blew his brains out at a coffee-house in Chancery-lane; but Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length before the Court, perennially hopeless.

"Jarndyce and Jarndyce has passed into a joke. That is the only good that has ever come of it. It has been death to many, but it is a joke to the profession. Every master in Chancery has had a reference out of it. Every Chancellor was "in it," for somebody or other, when he was counsel at the bar. Good things have been said about it by blue-nosed, bulbous-shoed old benchers, in select port-wine committees after dinner in hall. Articled clerks have been in the habit of fleshing their legal wit upon it. The last Lord Chancellor handled it neatly, when correcting Mr. Blowers, the eminent silk gown, who said that such a thing might happen when the sky rained potatoes, he observed, 'or when we get through Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Mr. Blowers;'—a pleasantry that particularly tickled the maces, bags, and purses."

A facetious gentleman, that Chancery Suit.

Chapter II. takes us into the world of fashion in the country, a dismal entry which the genius of Vanity Fair would not disclaim.

#### "A WET PARK IN LINCOLNSHIRE."

"My Lady Dedlock has been down at what she calls, in familiar conversation, her 'place' in Lincolnshire. The waters are out in Lincolnshire. An arch of the bridge in the park has been sapped and sopped away. The adjacent low-lying ground, for half a mile in breadth, is a stagnant river, with melancholy trees for islands in it, and a surface punctured all over, all day long, with falling rain. My Lady Dedlock's 'place' has been extremely dreary. The weather, for many a day and night, has been so wet that the trees seem wet through, and the soft loppings and prunings of the woodman's ax can make no crash or crackle as they fall. The deer, looking soaked, leave quagmires where they pass. The shot of a rifle loses its sharpness in the moist air, and its smoke moves in a tardy little cloud toward the green rise, coppice topped, that makes a background for the falling rain. The view from my Lady Dedlock's own windows is alternately a lead-colored view, and a view in Indian Ink.

"The vases on the stone terrace in the foreground catch the rain all day; and the heavy drops fall, drip, drip, drip, upon the broad flagged pavement, called, from old time, the Ghost's Walk, all night. On Sundays, the little church in the park is mouldy; the oaken pulpit breaks out into a cold sweat; and there is a general smell and taste as of the ancient Dedlocks in their graves. My Lady Dedlock (who is childless) looking out in the early twilight from her boudoir at a keeper's lodge, and seeing the light of a fire upon the latticed panes, and smoke arising from the chimney, and a child, chased by a woman, running out into the rain to meet the shining figure of a wrapped-up man coming through the gate, has been put quite out of temper. My Lady Dedlock says she has been 'bored to death.'"

That last touch of envy completes the picture.

Dickens is playing upon some of his old strings in this number—his harp has lost none of them; and the tears and laughter of his readers will echo the old sentiments, from innocent, believing, retrospective girlhood and the nursery children, through various degrees of developed humanity to warped and withered old men and women. He has kept in sight the one old friend and companion of many books, who will lead him through all vagaries and eccentricities, and finally extinguish Jarndyce and the High Lord Chancellor, a humorous, healthful, cordial old lady—Dame Nature herself.

#### MADAME PULSZKY'S TALES OF HUNGARY.\*

In the present hopeless condition of Hungarian independence, it seems not out of place to turn from the sad reality of fact to the cheerful realms of fancy, especially when the curtain is drawn from the latter by so prominent an actress in the former as Madame Pulszky.

A country claiming eight centuries of existence has its store of legends as much as a matter of course as an old family mansion has its cupboards and store-rooms stocked with quaint china and knick-naaks, and the simile may be carried still farther by remembering the care with which both are cherished.

\* Tales and Traditions of Hungary, by Theresa Pulszky. Redfield.

\* Black House, by Charles Dickens. With illustrations by H. K. Browne. Harper & Brothers.

ed and handed down from generation to generation.

Madame Pulszky's selection is somewhat heterogeneous. There are tales of love and of diablerie, of northern and southern lineage, some pathetic and some humorous—of the latter class is the following little sketch, both neatly and concisely rendered.

#### THE POOR TARTAR.

"The moral of the Twardowsky tale is yet more strongly expressed in the anecdote of the poor Tartar, a story well known all over Hungary.

"When in the thirteenth century, the Tartars, led by their chief, Batu Khan, invaded Hungary, and King Bela was forced to flee from the disastrous battle at the Sajó, despair seized upon the Hungarians. Many had fallen on the field, still more were butchered by the faithless enemy; some sought escape, others apathetically awaited their fate. Amongst these was a nobleman, who lived retired on his property, distant from every high-road. He possessed fine herds, stately horses, rich corn-fields, and a well stocked house, built but recently for the reception of his wife, who now for two years had been his mistress.

"The disheartening account of the general misfortune reached this secluded shelter, and its peaceful lord was horrified. He trembled at every sound—at every step; he found his meals less savoury. His very sleep was troubled; he often sighed, and seemed quite lost and wretched.

"Thus anxiously anticipating the days to come, he sat at his well-closed window, when suddenly a Tartar on his steed galloped into the court. The Hungarian bounced from his seat, ran to meet his guest, and said:

"Tartar, thou art my lord; I am thy servant; all thou seest is thine. Take what thou farest; I do not oppose thy power; command, thy servant obeys."

"The Tartar impatiently sprang from his horse, entered the house, and cast a careless glance on all the precious objects around. His eye was fascinated by the brilliant beauty of the lady of the house, who appeared tastefully attired to greet him here, no less graciously than her consort had in the court below.

"The Tartar seized her without a moment's hesitation, and unheeded of shrieks, swung himself upon his saddle, and spurred away, carrying off his lovely booty.

"All this was but an instant's work; the nobleman was thunderstruck, yet he recovered and hastened to the gate. He could hardly still distinguish the Tartar galloping in the distance, and bearing away the lady fair.

"Her consort heaved a sigh, and exclaimed with deep commiseration: 'Alas! poor Tartar!'"

The following, from a note to one of the sketches, is an amusing national custom. We have heard of the language of the flowers, but never of a like symbolical and romantic utterance being given to that solid and substantial fact, a roast turkey.

"We meet in Hungary with ancient symbolical customs, such as were generally practised in the middle ages all over Europe, and still are usual in the East. Many a thing which would be reluctantly expressed with words is notified by a symbol, conveying the meaning without any further unpleasant explanation. When, for example, a young man presents himself as suitor in a house where there is a young lady, he knows at the very first dinner, whether or no he may look forward to the fulfilment of his wishes. If a roasted turkey appears on the dinner-table, it means that he is welcome; but when this good-omened bird is substituted by a farrow, the suitor well may pack up and drive home; the bride will not be

his; he is refused. No other roast meat is so symbolical as the turkey and farrow. When any other appears at dinner, the suitor may try his luck; he is neither accepted nor rejected, and may wait until a turkey or a farrow announces his decree.

"This custom is to be found among all classes in Hungary.

"A widow lady well known to me, had been for several months betrothed to an officer, who of course often visited the house of her parents, with whom she lived. Once a farrow chanced to be served up; whereupon the suitor got uneasy, and a serious explanation ensued with the family of the lady, before he could be persuaded that the farrow had not been intended to carry any meaning."

#### THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.\*

This tale opens in the gloomy precincts of a house, the master of which has just been removed by death. The orphan children are assembled in consequence of this sad event, and fall under the charge of the elder brother, who thus becomes the head of the family. The scene in which he, as it were, takes possession of his office is thus strikingly presented:—

"The whole tribe had rushed in from their journey with a tired forgetfulness of everything but the relief of coming home, and for some minutes the house was alive with voices; Katie, poor old soul! being summoned hither and thither till it almost drove her crazy. But when, one after the other, the young travellers assembled to tea in the old familiar room—where everything looked the same, save for the one missing presence that would be seen no more—then a great quietness came over all. The twins crept nearer to each other, and Christina, ever the readiest either to laugh or weep, hid her face on Lindsay's shoulder. But no one spoke a word.

"They gathered round the table, Lindsay sitting where she had presided for some years as mistress of her father's household. Opposite to her was that father's empty chair. Each glanced that way, and then all eyes were lowered. None looked up, and all kept silence as Ninian came in and took the vacant place. There was a pause—as if each waited for the voice that never would be heard more; and then Ninian, in his low, quiet voice, said the grace:

"Lord, we thank Thee for these and all Thy mercies; and forgive us our sins, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"And all felt this to be the token whereby their brother took upon himself the duties, responsibilities, and rights of eldership, and became henceforth the Head of the Family.

"It was a goodly sight—as indeed it always is—to see what may truly be termed a Family! Israel's king surely knew it, when he likened it to a table set round about with olive-branches—always a fairer table than one without. Perhaps Ninian, too, thought thus; and after the first sorrowful cloud had passed away from the circle, it was with a sense not only of duty, but of pleasure, that he looked round on his young brothers and sisters, having a kindly and a cheerful word for each.

"Ninian soon reentered the room. They were all collected round the fire, some sitting, some standing. One only place was left vacant—the great leather arm-chair, which the father had used to fill. Charlie, with his customary thoughtlessness, was about to take possession of it by jumping in all-fours; but Reuben had held him back, whispering something which made them all grow silent and grave.

\* The Head of the Family. By the Author of "Olive" and "The Ogilvies." Harper & Bros.

"Any room for me, children?" asked Ninian, as he stood on the outside of the circle round the fire. The younger boys answered by moving the arm-chair to its olden spot, while Edmund took his brother by the hand and placed him in it. It was a mute acknowledgment from them all of the double relation which he was in future to hold—elder brother and father.

"Ninian evidently felt it. He sat down; held his hand over his eyes for a few moments; then his grave, quiet, affectionate smile lightened around on them all, and each knew without more words that the family bond was sealed."

This elder brother is not a rich or a brilliantly-gifted man, but he is a noble picture of a man of resolution, kindness, and heroic self-denial. The fortunes of the varied members of the family form the staple of the book which throughout possesses deep interest and a tone of manly vigor, which is especially shown in the treatment of the "love story." It belongs to the vigorous school of novel writing, whose interests centre on the principle of duty, which has sprung up in the last few years, and will maintain its place with the same writer's Ogilvies and Olive, which have already a foremost place therein.

The following thoughts are truthful and beautiful:—

#### WORK.

"A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities—who can smother down his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand—who defies Fate, and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

"I dare say it would be more interesting and poetical if I were to paint Ninian Graeme leaning over the boat's side, and dropping womanly tears into the Clyde, and laying back in the railway carriage spent by the exhaustion of emotion. But he did not. Whatever he felt, Heaven knoweth; and Heaven is merciful, tender, and dumb. The only words he said—and he might have soliloquized a whole page, for he had the carriage to himself—were, 'I must go home and work.'

"Work—work—work! It is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses, and the beautiful, hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying all under, fair and foul together—making plain, dull-looking arable land for our neighbors to peer at, until at night-time, down in the deep furrows the angels come and sow."

#### "COMMON-PLACE WOMEN."

"Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple-minded women have been kissed, cherished, or wept over by men of far loftier intellect. Therefore it was no marvel that the childish epistle of Hope Ansted was read and re-read, with lingering eyes and a throbbing heart. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not positively incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. That is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staëls and the Corinnes, to take into his bosom some way-side flower who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is, what so few of your 'female celebrities' are—a true woman."

The book is dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in these eloquent terms:



"I dedicate this book to no personal friend, but to one who has for years been the good influence of my life. Nothing she knows, or ever may know of me; yet it pleases me to offer this—probably the last novel I shall write for some time—to a woman, the mere naming of whom includes and transcends all praise—

"ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING."

#### STORY'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.\*

We have so recently gone over, at some length, the main incidents of the career of Judge Story, in a notice of his *Life and Writings*, that we have little occasion just now to enter into any detailed examination of the supplementary volume of his occasional legal and literary addresses. It opens with an autobiographical letter addressed to his son and biographer, which reflects the tastes and instincts in the formation of his character. Studies, say the old proverb, make the man. We see the formation of his literary character, at least, in his early predilections for the authors of the eighteenth century, and generally the English standards of the Augustan period, in the *Elegant Extracts* of that forgotten, but doubtless most respectable essayist, Vicesimus Knox. It was not the worst school, if not the best. The judgment and heart which settled down in confirmed admiration of Cowper and Crabbe, had drawn a wisdom deeper than Pope, and quite as instructive as Addison.

There is the man in undoubted virtuous lineaments in all that falls from Story; but so smooth, polished, and diffuse in his writings, that we do not so readily or patiently penetrate to the vital elements. The style needs the rough old English plough of Johnson and Milton, cutting deep through it, and into the man, to turn up the treasures of which they are capable.

The papers from the *North American Review* in this volume, and other scattered sources, are in an excellent form for library preservation.

#### BAILLIÈRE'S SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATIONS.

To the series of *Illustrated Standard Scientific Works*, M. Baillière has just added a new edition of Quekett's *Practical Treatise on the Microscope*, a work of standard authority, which keeps pace with the latest requisitions, by the addition of new matter, including descriptions of the best instruments in use on the Continent. The mechanical arrangements, the use of the various instruments, and manipulation of objects, are minutely detailed, with a constant feature of this series—numerous clearly and finely engraved illustrations. A new volume of the *Chemical Technology*, discusses "those branches of chemical industry including the production of food and related to agriculture." This portion of the series is the work of Dr. Knapp of Giessen, Dr. Edmund Ronalds, and Dr. Thomas Richardson. Among the more noticeable topics of the volume, are the chapters on the chemical composition and purification of water, milk and its products, corn, the gathering and manipulation of tea, the manufacture of meal, and particularly a full examination and elucidation of the most thorough and economical processes of the sugar manufacture, the improved machinery and its uses being

specially commended to the failing West India plantations. The whole work is elaborately and richly illustrated.

The cereal grains are introduced to our notice as a first element of civilization, by the speech of a North American Chief, recorded by the French traveller Crèvecoeur, who, addressing his people, the Missisais, is reported to have said: "Do you not see the whites living upon seeds, while we eat flesh! That the flesh requires more than thirty moons to grow up, and is then often scarce! That each of the wonderful seeds they sow in the earth, returns them one hundredfold! That the flesh on which we subsist has four legs to escape from us, while we can use but two to pursue and capture it! That the grains remain where the whites sow them and grow! That winter, which with us is the time for laborious hunting, to them is a period of rest! For these reasons have they so many children, and live longer than we do. I say, therefore, unto every one that will hear me, that before the cedars of our village shall have died down with age, and the maple-trees of the valley shall have ceased to give us sugar, the race of the little corn-sowers will have exterminated the race of the flesh-eaters, provided their huntsmen do not resolve to become sowers."

Of the growth of the practical uses of chemistry, the author of this volume remarks that "upwards of one thousand pages of new facts and reasoning in the Science of Chemistry and its application, are published monthly," and the study of the principles of chemistry in these applications is enjoined, not without reason, upon men of business who would not see their business and craft suddenly superseded by newer arts and methods.

*The Uses of Sunshine.* By S. M., Authoress of the "Maiden Aunt," &c. Appleton & Co.—This is a pleasing tale of moderate compass, the scene of which is laid in a romantic but neglected region of the north of Ireland. A young clergyman of the Church of England settles himself down there for the summer with his sister to recruit from the effects of overwork as a curate. He finds not only health in his new situation, but abundant scope for usefulness among the poor cottagers of the neighborhood. The "sunshine" of benevolence and good counsel gains the hearts of all and finally thaws out even that of a crusty old gentleman, the "Squire of the village." The book is partly devoted to an exhibition of the working of church principles, carried out in strict accordance with the ritual and doctrine of the Book of Common Prayer. It is published in a style of unusual elegance.

*Annals of the Empire City.* By a New Yorker. Tale I. The Quadroon. J. F. Trow.—A series of fine tales, whose time of action commences at 1721, and is brought down to the present day, has been projected by an anonymous author. To one well read in our colonial history there could be no happier period selected than that which the first tale embraces, and to do our author justice, we must grant that his description of New York as it was, of the manners of the day, and the habits and prejudices of the citizens are extremely interesting. The opening chapters promise much, but when the story is fairly commenced, disappointment awaits the reader. The dialogue is somewhat faulty and of the stage school; there are altogether too many bad characters for any one book, and the marriage of a white gentleman with a quadroon is carrying the joke rather far. The book, however, possesses interest, and the author evi-

dently has ability, which we trust to see displayed to better purpose in his next of the series, and which it will afford us great pleasure to recognise. A little more purity among his puppets, male and female, would be an improvement.

*Kenneth: a Romance of the Highlands.* By G. W. M. Reynolds. H. Long & Brother.—Mr. Reynolds has abandoned the filth and sin of the metropolis; given highwaymen and hags, noble debauchees, and ignoble courtesans a holiday, turned his back upon resurrectionists and city grave-yards, and marched boldly into the Highlands, where he has constructed a romance which is evidently an improvement upon his usual productions. The supernatural has been brought pretty thoroughly into play, and a certain lady in white and knight in armor, surrounded by a very warm atmosphere which they bring with them from home, are turning up on every occasion.

Full of faults as are the works of Reynolds, they nevertheless prove an indomitable energy and power of imagination unequalled save by Dumas. "Kenneth" is entirely free from certain morbid impurities with which the author's pages are too often defiled.

*Hints on Health.* By W. E. Coale, M.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—A serviceable and familiarly treated manual of some of the most important considerations of health affecting the care of the person, the skin, clothing, ventilation, the teeth, eyes, feet, &c.

*The Successful Merchant: Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett.* By William Arthur. Lane & Scott.—The life of a merchant of Bristol, England, a successful man in business and a devout Methodist, the story of whose life is told with animation, in a kind of transition style from the old religious biographies—in the spirit and grouping of which we perceive the influences of the popular manner of Hepworth Dixon, particularly in his *Life of Howard*. There are some just remarks on the neglect of Commercial Biography.

*The Selection of Psalms and Hymns in use of the Protestant Episcopal Church.* Arranged by Octavius Longworth. Williamsburg, N. Y.: Longworth.—An alphabetical tabular arrangement of every line in the entire collection of Psalms and Hymns, so that a reader in possession of any single line may refer to its place at once. It is something of a curiosity for its care and labor as a concordance. It is published in this city by Roorbach.

*Verses for Holy Seasons; or, a Christian Year for Youth.* By C. F. H. Edited by W. F. Hook, D.D. Philadelphia: H. Hooker.—This work is designed to take the same place in the libraries of children that is occupied by the *Christian Year* of Keble in those of mature years. It is on a precisely similar plan, furnishing a poem for every Sunday and holiday throughout the year. The verses are simply and smoothly written, agreeably varied in style—though perhaps better fitted for grown up persons than children.

*A Buckeye Abroad; or, Wanderings in Europe and in the Orient.* By Samuel Cox, M.D. Putnam.—This is what is called in the slang phrase, a "fast" book, and a fast book by a Buckeye abroad may be presumed to be a little faster than by any specimens of the race less occidental. The reason why a man gets along so "fast" in the world is because he throws overboard in a fine dashing, impudent fashion the usual ballast of gentlemanly civilization, and a writer may, in a similar way, get along rapidly enough who is indifferent to the refinements of composition and those charms of thought and illustration which, like other valuables, are not to be obtained without time and labor.

*Margaret Cecil; or, "I can, because I ought."* By Cousin Kate. Appleton & Co.—There is a

\* The Miscellaneous Writings of Joseph Story. Edited by his son, William W. Story. Boston: Little & Brown.

very large class of books produced rapidly and sold, we understand, extensively, of which, we presume this, from its title and general appearance to be one. They are written for ladies and by ladies, are exceedingly smooth and uniform in tone, remarkably full and fluent and inculcate generally very good sentiments.

*The Cherry Stones—The Prize Day—Watch and Pray.*—These are juvenile publications by the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, the first two selected from well approved English sources, the last an original American tale by Mrs. Neal, of Philadelphia, a sequel to Helen Morton, which implies a well kept pledge of delicate natural feeling and earnest Christian sentiment, mutually sustaining one another.

*A Journal Kept during a Summer Tour, for the Children of a Village School.* By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Appleton. A very pleasing, simply-written book, which children can understand and enjoy, of a journey on the Continent from Ostend to the Lake of Constance. No one will regret that it is to be continued.

*Easy Lessons on Reasoning.* By Richard Whateley. Boston: Munroe & Co.—A third American from the fifth London edition of an elementary introduction which the author's illustration commends to attention:—"The existing treatises upon Logic may be compared to ships, well freighted, but which can only unlade at a few wharves, carefully constructed, in advantageous situations. The want is, of small boats drawing very little water, which can carry ashore small parcels of the cargo on every part of the coast, and run up into every little creek."

*Les Aventures de Télémaque.* Par M. Fenelon. Leavitt & Allen.—A well printed school edition of the world renowned classic.

*New French Manual and Traveller's Companion.* By Gabriel Surenné. Appleton & Co.—The twofold purpose of this portable volume is explained in its title. The vocabulary and classifications of words are highly convenient.

*The Iliad of Homer, according to the text of Wolf; with Notes for the use of Schools and Colleges.* By John J. Owen, D.D. Leavitt & Co.—A new edition of the old Epic, in a luxury of type and paper—and especially a clearness of typography which should save many an urchin the dingy perplexities of the older copies and the discipline thereon impending. The notes are from the best editions and supply, with neatness and directness, the wants of the scholar.

*Conversations with Goethe, from the German of Eckermann.* By S. M. Fuller. Boston: Munroe & Co.—A new edition of the translation, by Margaret Fuller, of a work which as the reflection of a great mind ranks with Boswell's Johnson and Coleridge's Table-Talk. It is printed with an elegance and taste which are now recognised as ordinary standards of good books among American publishers—a decided advance, in this respect, upon the practice of a few years since. Scholars and readers of intelligence will be thankful for this edition.

*Hood's Own. Selected Papers, with Woodcuts.* Putnam's Semi-monthly Library.—A further collection of Hood's comicallities in his lighter vein, with the peculiar rude irresistibly ludicrous illustrations which are Hood's own and nobody else's. This author's capital "Up the Rhine" is announced in the series for May.

*Nights and Mornings.* By John Dowling Fletcher.—A small volume of religious consolation, with the most hopeful of all mottos from the psalmist, David, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

*The Old Bell of Independence; or, Philadelphia in 1776.* By Henry C. Watson. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—A gathering of the popular stories of the Revolution about the old Bell of Independence "as a rallying point," selected with an eye to novelty and effect.

#### MARKS AND REMARKS.

A CORRESPONDENT has addressed us the following query, which some of our readers may answer by producing an authority for the anecdote in question. When was it first published? "In Mr. Bancroft's fourth volume of his History of the United States is the following statement (p. 332): 'The autumn light was bright; and the general (Wolfe), under the clear star-light, visited his stations, to make his final inspection and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and the Elegy in a Country Church-yard. "I," said he, "would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." And while the oar struck the river, as it rippled in the silence of the night, under the flowing tide, he repeated:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In a note, Mr. Bancroft adds: 'I owe my knowledge of this incident to J. C. Fisher, of Quebec, to whose personal kindness I am indebted for explanations given me on the battle ground itself.' Now, I beg to inquire what authority Mr. Fisher had for this statement. I recollect some twenty years since, seeing the above incident quoted in a newspaper, and an authority given for it. The facts generally known about Wolfe are so 'few and far between' that one is very desirous to learn every thing concerning him that is authentic." x.

Of these facts about Wolfe, some valuable gatherings have been made, during the year, in the London "Notes and Queries." Southey and Gleig, it is said, each contemplated writing the Life of Wolfe, though neither accomplished it.

At a recent meeting in Manchester of the Association for promoting the Repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge, and particularly the Newspaper Stamp, the following pungent exhibition of the grievance in question was read, in a letter from Douglas Jerrold:—"That the fabric paper, newspapers and advertisements, should be taxed by any government professing paternal yearnings for the education of a people, defies the argument of reason. Why not, to help the lame and aid the short-sighted, lay a tax on crutches, and enforce a duty upon spectacles?"

"I am not aware of the number of professional writers—of men who live from pen to mouth—flourishing this day in merry England; but it appears to me, and the notion to a new Chancellor of the Exchequer (I am happy to say one of 'my order,' of the goose-quill, not of the heron's plume), may have some significance, why not enforce a duty upon the very source and origin of letters? Why not have a literary poll tax—a duty upon books and 'articles' in their rawest material? Let every author pay for his license, poetic or otherwise. This would give a wholeness of contradiction to a professed desire of knowledge, when existing with taxation of its material elements.

Thus the excheiseman, beginning with author's brains, would descend through rags, and duly end with paper.

"The professed tax upon news is captious and arbitrary; arbitrary, I say; for what is not news? A noble lord makes a speech; his rays of intelligence, compressed like Milton's fallen angels, die in a few black rows of thin type; and this is news. And is not a new book news? Let Ovid first tell us how Midas laid himself down, and—private and confidential—whispered to the reeds: 'I have ears;' and is not that news? Do many noble lords, even in Parliament, tell us anything newer?"

"The tax on advertisements is—it is patent—a tax even upon the industry of the very hardest workers. Why should the Exchequer waylay the errandboy, and oppress the maid-of-all-work? Wherefore should Mary Anne be made to disburse her 1s. 6d. at the stamp-office ere she can show her face in print wanting a place, although to the discomfort of those first-created chancellors of the Exchequer, the spiders? In conclusion, I must congratulate the meeting on the advent of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. D'Israeli, who is the successful man of letters. He has ink in his veins. The goosequill—let gold and silversticks twinkle as they may—leads the House of Commons. Thus I feel confident that the literary instincts of the right hon. gentleman will give new animation to the coldness of statesmanship, apt to be numbed by tightness of red tape. We are, I learn, early taught to despair of the right hon. gentleman, because he is allowed to be that smallest of things—a wit! Is arithmetic for ever to be the monopoly of substantial respectable dullness? Must it be that a Chancellor of the Exchequer, like Portia's portrait, is only to be found in lead?"

"No, sir! I have a cheerful faith that our new fiscal minister will, to the confusion of obese dullness, show his potency over pounds, shillings, and pence. The Exchequer £ s. d. that have hitherto been as the three witches—the weird sisters,—stopping us wherever we turned, the right hon. gentleman will, at the least, transform into the Three Graces, making them, in all their salutations at home and abroad, welcome and agreeable. But, with respect to the £ s. d. upon knowledge, he will, I feel confident, cause at once the weird sisterhood to melt into thin air; and thus—let the meeting take heart with the assurance—thus will fade and be dissolved the penny news tax—the errandboy's and maid-of-all-work's tax—and the tax on that innocent white thing—the tax on paper."

A writer in the London *Critic*, in a paper on Blackwood's Magazine, thus notices the present Editorship:—"Old Ebony" died after a long and prosperous career in 1834, but it was not till some ten years afterwards that 'Professor Wilson' ceased to be the controlling spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and gradually abdicated in favor of 'Professor Aytoun,' familiarly known as 'Willie Aytoun,' son of old Roger Aytoun, the Edinburgh W. S.—who is there throughout the length and breadth of Tory Scotland that does not know him? Methinks we see him yet, as we looked up to him with boyish reverence, when, in the George-street of Edinburgh, we used to meet his stout youthful figure, in dress slightly approaching the dandiacal, with round face, full of rosy bucolic health, and eye-glass significant of short



sight. Already had 'Willie' become celebrated as the Tory scion of a Whig family, and not merely as the renderer of Homer into Trochaics, as the ingenious versifier of many a delicately-rhythmed piece in *Blackwood*, and the biographer (showing rare learning) of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in Murray's *Family Library*. Well we remember a west-country inn, after a visit to famed Bothwell Castle, the sun serenely westering in the summer evening sky, all nature glowing in radiant beauty, and we desperately hungry! 'Mine host' was inattentive to our humble demands, and from an upper chamber there came the odor and the roar of agricultural revelry. 'Whom have you upstairs?' 'Oh! Willie Aytoun, and a wheen Tory chaps settling the election: I'm a Radical myself, but I like the Tories, they aye pay weel!' This is the Aytoun who since, in literature, has become famous as the laureate of Scottish Jacobites and Cavaliers; as the Professor of *Belles Lettres* in Edinburgh University; as the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. There, as 'my dear Dunshunner,' or as 'my dear Me Corkindale,' in many a page of laughing satiric prose, and of smiling satiric verse, too polished almost to be stinging, has he driven his shafts against thee, O thick-skinned Manchester, whose hide is as the hide of the rhinoceros, and who art vulnerable only in the breeches' pocket! Under Professor Aytoun, *Blackwood* flourishes, not with the noisy bursting health of youth, but with the serene complacency of a well-to-do middle age. There, number after number, Sheriff Alison, 'the historian of Europe,' discharges, with steady regularity, his heavy broadsides at the 'Manchester school.' There Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., contributes his monthly quota of fiction. There William Smith, of Kensington, criticises Comte and Carlyle, and 'cuts up' Mr. Hepworth Dixon. There, too, sometimes are to be seen the sparkles of an unmistakeable and a unique vivacity. The reader has already guessed the name, and with a cordial smile of welcome on his lip, already murmurs fondly: 'Once more the omnipresent LEWES!'

To the same journal, the public, we believe, was indebted, not long since, for a rumor of Carlyle's engagement on a Life of William the Conqueror. For this, it seems, is now to be substituted a Life of Frederick the Great, at least, according to the following:—"The Literary World, like the Political, has its *quidnuncs* and 'own correspondents,' its 'rumors at the clubs,' its gossip of clique and coterie, its 'quarters likely to be well-informed,' and to be ill-informed, its 'authority on which you may place the utmost reliance,' and so forth, *ad infinitum*. The inhabitant of the literary, as of the political world, must exercise a sharp discrimination before he gives credence to rumor: he must not implicitly believe that 'Macaulay's third volume is certainly to be published next week,' merely because his informant declares 'Longman told me so yesterday;' or mentally debit Mr. Thackeray with ten thousand pounds for the copyright of his forthcoming novel, because somebody knows somebody else who is intimate with the banker's clerk that saw the cheque. Thus a plausible report was lately afloat that Mr. Thomas Carlyle was about to write a life of William the Conqueror, and great was the flutter among philanthropic historians at the thought of the glorification that ruthless potentate

would receive in Carlyle's blazing page. Mr. Grave can pretty confidently announce that the distinguished author in question is not engaged in any such enterprise, but has taken in hand a much more modern hero, Frederick the Great of Prussia; an attempt of which the highest expectations may rationally be formed. Hitherto it has been Carlyle's misfortune (and, perhaps, his pride,) that his heroes have had some drawback interfering with an acceptance of them by the public. Goethe and his Germans were too high; Mirabeau and his Frenchmen too low, and Oliver Cromwell himself is still regarded as an Usurper and a Tyrant by large masses of his countrymen. Frederick the Great, 'every inch a King,' had the good luck to be born to a throne; and his worst faults are virtues compared with the vices that defiled most of the European monarchs of his age. A brilliant warrior, a successful political reformer, and founder of a social system, a German Napoleon, in fact, who did not fail, Frederick had further a sort of reputation in England as the champion of Continental Protestantism, and Whitfield's Methodists used to put up prayers for the friend of Voltaire! Then there are his connections with Voltaire and the French *philosophes*; later, his dealings with Mirabeau, and the contemporary relation in which his old age stood to Goethe's youth and early manhood;—all affording material how rich for the pen of the greatest of literary pictorialists! There have been plenty of German lives of Frederick, but none of them are classical; Ranke's, the latest of note, and of which high hopes were formed, turning out a failure. England can scarcely boast of a solitary biography, and the younger generation know Frederick chiefly by Macaulay's paper in *The Edinburgh*, the story of which, like that of 'Cambuscan bold,' has been 'left half told' by the brilliant essayist. Nor should it be forgotten that Schiller, in the prime of his years, long harbored a design of making Frederick the hero of an epic, which was to mirror the mighty complex of modern civilization, as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* did the simplicity of the Homeric world. Frederick has had long to wait for his *vates sacer*; but at last the fit one has arrived!"

#### SKEMISH—A TALE OF BARBARY.

BY D. PARISH BARRHYDT.

WHERE Tangier spreads its ancient walls along Morocco's sands,  
And, bowed beneath the Moslem yoke, the Jewish quarter stands,  
There dwelt a maiden fairer than the lily of the stream,  
And brighter was her beauty than the moonbeam's silver gleam:  
Her eyes were like the greater stars, and in their lustrous glow  
They wore the beauty of an angel's, lent for a time below;  
Her soul's interpreters they were, and still they seemed to speak,  
When streamed their ebony lashes down the crimson of her cheek.  
The jacinth and the burnished gold had lent their richest hues,  
With beauty and with radiance, to crown her locks profuse;  
Like tendrils round her snowy neck their tresses would entwine,  
And hang upon her shoulders like the clusters of the vine;  
While deep within their twisted pools the sunlight often shone,

Lake buried fires that deeply glow within the opal stone.  
Between such hair, and e'en such eyes, her forehead full and fair  
Was matching with its majesty, and nobly reigned there.  
Beside each other, white and red, her teeth and lips arrayed,  
Were like the blossoms of the cistus ere cometh evening's shade.  
Her form was stately as a palm tree, lithe as a willow bough,  
And each emotion was the breeze that waved it to and fro;  
The sunshine of her spirit illumed the maiden's face,  
And lent aerial lightness to her form of matchless grace;  
The radiance of her beauty could be likened to but one—  
The Hebrew maid SKEMISH was named, the name they give the sun.

A hapless lot the maiden's, as hapless as the worst—  
The subject of a step-dame's tyrannic temper curst.  
One day the wronged Skemish cast forth, with harsh abuse and blows,  
Her tortured mind and body in a Moorish dwelling throws.  
Her sunlike beauty glows above the paler harem stars,  
And charmed, they seek to win her to the order of their cares.  
"We live in social gaiety, a taskless life of ease,  
Our only care each other, as kind sisters strive, to please.  
Come, dwell with us, O sun!" they said, "we love and honor thee,  
As Allah is thy God, let Mahomet thy prophet be."  
A frenzy is upon Skemish, the frenzy of her wrongs,  
As "La Illah!" she cries and hopes to break her grievous thongs;  
Then forth the Moslem women rush, and to the Kaïd run,  
Loud shouting that a Jewish maid, whose face is like the Sun,  
Enlightened by the grace of God, has bowed before his face,  
And owned Mohammed prophet of the Allah of her race.  
"Bring hither quick the convert maid!" the gladdened Kaïd cries,  
"That with the prophet's glory I may feast my faithful eyes."

The sun hath crossed the dial of the maiden's fevered brain:  
And soon her heart is warming with its early faith again.  
She comes before the Kaïd, slow her step and sad her mien,  
And upward casts her lustrous eyes, such eyes he ne'er had seen.  
"Father in heaven forgive me the temptation unwithstood;  
No God but Abraham's is mine, no prophet is Mahoud!"  
"Believe her not, O Kaïd," all the Moslem women call,  
"By Allah! she did swear the La Illah before us all."  
Then turns the Kaïd to the maiden, with a look so stern:  
"The oaths of many faithful to Mohammed prove thee sworn;  
And here before my judgment seat thou durst his rage defy!  
Death is the fate of such as dare their prophet to deny.  
Hence! maiden of such beauty as these eyes had never read,  
The dungeon be thy dwelling, and thy food the blackest bread!"

Then swift the Kaid speeds a message to his lord Sultan;  
And with the story of her crime that of her beauty ran.

Then from the high Sultan hath come an order for the maid,  
And soldiers eight must guard her way—the soldiers must be paid.

The Kaid of the maiden's sire demands each needful crown;  
The stricken Jew with slender purse must beg them through the town.

Lamenting, through the streets he makes in vain his moving prayer,  
Until he meets the consul of Iberia the fair.

Whose forty crowns in pity given, Skemish is on her way,  
With eight stout soldiers guarding her, lest from the road she stray.

Over the hills of Barbary the captive Jewess rides,  
While high above her swarthy guard a queen the maid presides.

A lonely way it is to her, and sinks her heart awhile;  
But soon there cometh company the moments to beguile.

A traveller clad in Moorish garb o'ertakes the escort slow,  
And from the guarding troop he learns the story of her woe.

"Her righteous doom is death," he said, "tho' woful is her state;  
May Allah teach her wisdom, and his mercy shield her fate."

Then from the soldiers turning to the maiden's side he drew,  
And there his low and earnest tones conjure her to be true.

"One of thy faith am I, Skemish, fear not, O maiden rare!  
But join with mine thy trembling hopes in still and solemn prayer;

Let no further false denial from a sinful heart be wrung,  
Denial of thy fathers' God by Israel's singer sung!"

The stately minarets of Fez no longer sought in vain;  
From out her gates a multitude pour forth along the plain.

In joyous mood the multitude the guarded maiden meet,  
And there Skemish the radiant with shouting welcomes greet.

Four hundred slaves the Sultan sends amid the loud acclaim,  
Who play before the honored maid the noble powder game.

And thus toward the capital she holds her onward march,  
To enter through a garlanded and high triumphal arch.

Within the palace sits Skemish by the Sultan's side.  
Now, does the Jewish maiden yield, and will she there abide?

The lady prints a tender kiss between her starry eyes;  
Then claps her hands, and maids appear with robes of richest dyes.

Skemish arrayed, her hand within the high Sultan's, through  
The marble halls with glowing walls of crimson, gold, and blue;

And where the garden's shade is hung with blossoms white and red,  
With golden balls, and clusters ripe, is by the lady led:

"All these, O maiden, shall be thine, all these, and more than all,  
A prince shall be thy bridegroom, and his slaves be at thy call."

Skemish had spoken yet no word, fast had her lips been sealed.

Has she been won by all she sees, and will the Jewess yield?

The listless step hath paused beneath that lofty form of grace,  
While sadly dark her beaming eyes look on the lady's face:

"What matters it, O lady, to the hapless bird in thrall,  
If ivory or reed its cage, if hung in hut or palace hall?"

Now many days Skemish hath dwelt a palace-honored guest,  
When cometh one who bears for her the high Sultan's behest,

Within the dreaded presence brought of Fezzan's mighty lord  
He greeteth her with pleasant smiles and with a kindly word:

Then takes her hand and by his side giveth the honored seat,  
And from his dish of kuscoussoo inviteth her to eat.

Then answereth the tempted maiden, while erect she stands,—  
"I am a Jewess and can eat no food of Moslem hands."

Oh! never was the antlered head thrown upward by the roe,  
When first his quickened ear detected the step of coming foe,

So haughty in its bearing, so dressed with stately grace  
As the wondering Sultan in her maiden mien may trace.

"O maiden rare, O sun most fair, Islam alone is true."  
"Not so, Sultan, mistaken man, truth dwelleth with the Jew."

Then swing the doors of pearl and gold back to the ivory walls;  
And lo! a glittering loaded train moves through the marble halls!

Three slaves approach, and kneeling, place their burdens at her feet—  
One basket of embroidered robes, with rarest perfumes sweet,

Another filled with precious stones, upheaped with pearls the third,  
They caught new lustre from her glance, though from her lips no word.

"Behold thy marriage-gifts Skemish, such did princess ne'er refuse,  
And from the Kaid's noble sons a bridegroom thou shalt choose."

"O high Sultan, far richer these than Hebrew maiden's need,  
But dearer far than Moslem wealth the Hebrew maiden's creed."

Then riseth up the haught Sultan with anger in his eye.—  
"Now Jewish maiden, by Mahoud! but thou shalt surely die,

And thy apostate blood be poured like water on the earth:  
Hence! to the Kaid with this Jew, dog of apostate birth!"

The steady glance right upwards of her large and lustrous eyes  
Might teach thee, proud Sultan, how Jewish maiden dares and dies.

"One false denial of my God hath justly purchased death,  
Now I am ready in his cause to yield my erring breath."

Despoiled of all her rich attire, Skemish in Jewish dress,  
Immured within a dungeon dark is held in harsh duress.

With prayers and threats the Kaid tries her firm and constant soul;  
But all in vain, the maid is true as needle to the pole.

Then to the Hebrew elders and the Jewish rabbis all,  
The Kaid hath assembled in his dreaded judgment hall—

If this maiden, once a Jewess, shall thus perverse remain,  
The dread Sultan will surely see each Jew in Fezzan slain.

Then among yourselves, O rabbis, and ye elders of the Jew,  
As life hath still its guerdon, will advise ye what to do."

Then straightway to her prison all the frightened elders go,  
And urge upon the maiden all their nation's fear and woe—

"If her faith she leave behind her, and the Moslem prophet take,  
Twill be a worthy sacrifice made for her nation's sake:

Yea, even better would it be when perisheth one soul  
Than when a people should be lost, and perisheth the whole."

Then answereth the maiden with her clasped hands before,—  
"Each man must bear his burden, none ever beareth more;

The blood of all our people would not save my soul one sting;  
O ye venerable men, I will not do this thing!"

'Tis morning, and the Kaid word of purposed visit sends;  
Then to the gloomy prison-door his stately way he wends:

His right hand holds a laurel crown, his left the writ of death;  
Then opes the prison-door, and see, how hushed is every breath!

She kneeleth on the clay-cold floor, her head low bowed down,  
Her clustering hair all gathered up, high up about the crown.

Then silvery tones come upward, heard clearer than a shout—  
"Now let my blood like water on earth be poured out."

Then mournfully the Kaid turns, and sorrowing he goes,  
For heavy at his manly heart he feels the maiden's woes.

Next day again with roll and crown he stands before the door,—  
The kneeling figures there again, she answers as before.

It is decreed Skemish shall die upon the market day,  
And criers four proclaim the news along the crowded way:—

"The apostate Jewish woman hath the Moslem faith defiled,  
The holy prophet, Mahomet, this woman hath reviled."

The day of doom hath come, and in the market place appears  
The block of execution reddened with the blood of years.

The people are assembled round about the awful place;  
Their fierce fanatic hopes expressed on each exulting face.

There stands Skemish the radiant, as radiant is she,  
As on the day when she unto the Moorish house did flee.

But her beauty hath another glow, of the celestial light  
That toucheth those who stand upon the verge of earthly night.

She turneth to the man of blood and beggeth farther dress,  
Lest in the deathly struggle she expose her nakedness.

Then calleth she for water, that upon her dying day,

Then to the Hebrew elders and the Jewish rabbis all,

The Kaid hath assembled in his dreaded judgment hall—

If this maiden, once a Jewess, shall thus perverse remain,

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She turneth to the man of blood and beggeth farther dress,

Lest in the deathly struggle she expose her nakedness.

Then calleth she for water, that upon her dying day,



As becometh Hebrew maiden, she may wash  
and fitly pray.  
Now all the while the man of blood her con-  
stant firmness tries,  
As to and fro he waves a knife before the mai-  
den's eyes.  
But nought she heedeth what he doeth, and  
steadily proceeds  
In preparation for the prayer, the limit of her  
needs.  
That ended, and her bowed neck she offers to  
the knife—  
When swift, upon her knees erect, she starts  
with quickened life!  
"Touch not my hair! I'll bind it up myself—  
'twould be defiled!  
I've had none to do it for me since I was a  
little child:  
I have ever bound and loosed thee by myself—  
one kiss my hair—  
None shared with me thy tender care, my  
crown of daily wear."  
Now ready for the blow, again she bows that  
crowned head;  
When softly falls the tardy knife—one drop  
alone is shed.  
Reluctant is that man of blood such beauty to  
despoil;  
At sight of blood, her love of life he trusts the  
death will foil.  
Then promptly rise those silvery tones, nought  
more distinct could be,—  
"Your law commandeth you to kill, but not to  
torture me."  
High rises then the murderous arm, and  
swiftly falls the blade:  
Like water on the earth is poured the life-  
blood of the maid.  
The man of blood lifts high the head, and  
spits upon the face;  
Then all that's left of fair Skemish is given to  
her race.  
Her people crowd around the block and round  
the bloody earth,  
And dip their choicest garments in the blood of  
hallowed worth.

THE  
WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF  
CAPTAIN PRIEST,

WHO SAILED FOR BOSTON THE 10TH JUNE, 183—.

A Tale with only One Incident, and no Plot  
of any Consequence.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN JOB IS "IN FOR IT" AT LAST.

In the heart of the little village of Bay Har-  
bour stands a long narrow building two stories  
in height, with two one-story projections, set-  
ting forth at right angles from its rear; and  
although they do not advance boldly to the  
front, yet laterally they extend quite a dis-  
tance.

A very imaginative mind might discover  
some resemblance between its form when  
viewed from a distance and that of an ancient  
baronial castle.

Enter the door and you will see the front,  
rear and ceiling, covered and adorned with all  
kinds of weapons of peace suspended in every  
manner, pretty much as the spoils of war  
and the chase are supposed to ornament the  
lordly mansions of the old world.

There are plough-shares and reaping-hooks  
for spears and javelins, wood axes for battle-  
axes, ox and log-chains for chain armor,  
beavers with naps as long as those of the  
seven sleepers, for helmets, rifles—to sharpen  
scythes—instead of the harquebuss, cradles—  
not intended for infantry practice—rakes—  
moral ones—cultivators, harrow teeth, pot-  
metal boots, cards—only two in a pack—cur-  
ry-combs, bundles of wire—jewelry for the

pigs—shoe lasts, carpenter's rules, augers and  
chisels, ox and pig yokes, and, in fine, the  
whole paraphernalia of a farmer, instead of  
plate armor, greaves, morions, gauntlets,  
swords and jack-boots.

A counter ran around three sides of the  
store. On the left, as you entered, were ar-  
ranged on shelves specimens of the vocabu-  
lary of dry goods, from thread and tape to  
calicos and broad cloths. On the opposite  
side, a great variety of common crockery and  
earthenware was visible; and standing upon  
the floor were quantities of pots, kettles, and  
various other articles, important necessities  
in kitchen economy. Behind the rear coun-  
ter were several suspicious-looking barrels,  
some of which probably contained nothing  
more potent than molasses, oil, or vinegar,  
but the odor of "New England" and "Turpe-  
ntine Gin" that pervaded the atmosphere, sun-  
dry very queer tumblers upon the board, and  
the fact that three or four half sailor, half  
farmer-looking men were tossing off some-  
thing, with a smack and apparent gusto that  
water-drinkers do not affect, induces me to  
suppose, that nothing like Maine law was re-  
cognised in the establishment. In the sheds  
connected with the main building were to be  
found all kinds of provisions, fish and flesh,  
flour, meal, lime, paint-kegs, boxes of cheese,  
kegs of butter; and to complete the title, the  
establishment might well lay claim to a "store  
of all sorts," a number of pigeon-holes,  
elevated above one end of the counter, in  
which an occasional letter or paper was visi-  
ble, proved that the proprietor was a govern-  
ment officer, a good democrat, and a distribu-  
ter of Uncle Sam's mails.

See: a girl has just arrived with a pot of  
butter to trade off for "store-pay." She  
wants in exchange a yard of calico, a quarter  
of tea, a quart of molasses, a paper of radish  
seed, a pound of sugar, a plug of tobacco,  
two pipes, a fine-tooth comb, a salt mackarel,  
a dose of rhubarb, two sticks of candy, and  
—tell it not in the Tabernacle—a bottle of  
"New England."

The proprietor of this "Omnium Gather-  
um" is, in reality, the lord of the manor. All  
the villagers pay him tribute. He owns half  
the houses, half the land about the Bay, two  
factories and a flour mill, and, as a matter of  
course, "Squire Divine Underwood" is cor-  
dially hated by all of his neighbors, partly  
because he is a rich, and partly because he is a  
hard man, and drives very close bargains in-  
deed.

Some dozen or more men are sitting on the  
counters, or leaning against them; about the  
same number of boys imitate their example,  
and listen, open-mouthed, to all that is going  
on, amusing themselves in the meanwhile by  
kicking their heels together, and giving a sly  
pinch to a neighbor.

Mr. Underwood is in the middle of the  
store, and something important is going on.  
He is speaking to one of the men.

"Well, Jacob, if you won't go to Boston  
for thirty dollars, say what you will take?"

"Wouldn't like to, Mr. Underwood, 'cause  
I've never been there, and I'm kinder feared  
the 'Teazer' wouldn't know the way."

"Well, any of you, then; what *will* you  
take? I'll put the ballast on board for no-  
thing. You shall have the ashes as fast as  
you'll take them, when you get there, and  
I'll pay any one of you thirty-five dollars for  
the trip. Come, who says I?"

No one bid, and the squire went on:

"I'll give forty" (a pause), "forty-five"

(another). "Now stop, maybe you think I  
want to drive a tight trade with you, so I'll  
tell you what I'll give: sixty dollars to the  
first one of you who will undertake the job."

"Captain Job's always tellin' on his goin  
to Boston onst," replied a voice, "maybe you  
and him can make a trade."

"That's a fact," said Underwood. "Priest,  
you're the very man. I did not see you be-  
fore."

And he did not see him then, for on the  
mention of his name, Captain Job had quietly  
slid out of the store, and before Underwood  
had finished, was around the corner and in the  
shed, very busily engaged in the critical ex-  
amination of an animal he despised above all  
others—a horse.

You have probably heard how once upon  
a time a preacher that had been holding forth  
concerning the last day, and who had wound  
up his exordium with "who dare be found  
among the goats," received this reply, which  
was not to be found on the bills—from a sail-  
or in the gallery:

"I dares, for I never takes a stump."

Job, like the sailor, "never took a stump,"  
and so, to keep himself out of harm's  
way, he staid in the shed until Underwood  
had passed up the road, homeward bound.

When Job re-entered the store, an ani-  
mated discussion was going on about the pro-  
posed voyage to Boston; and Harry Flint,  
who had just entered, was engaged in it.

"Captain Job," said Harry, "come, take  
up the offer. I'll go with you and show you  
the way."

"No, you won't," replied Job, "I know the  
way well enough, but I don't want to dirty  
up the 'Sally Ann.'"

"Well, I'm blest," retorted Harry, "if old  
Underwood shall have it to say, that no Bay  
Harbor man had spunk enough to go to Bos-  
ton. Before I let him go to Clam Cove and  
charter a vessel, I'll go, in earnest. Who'll  
let me have his sloop on shares?"

"I will, Harry," said one of the Captains.

"Not spunk enough!" exclaimed Job.  
"Shan't say that about me. I'll take the job."  
And after laying in an additional supply of  
Dutch courage, he started off after Under-  
wood.

Now, Harry thought that he had been very  
sly and cunning in packing off the old man;  
and so having him out of the way, and un-  
able to interfere between him and Mary, for  
ten days at least, but *l'homme propose, et  
Dieu dispose*, and we shall see how it all  
turned out.

Job felt very qualmish indeed. He had  
been to Boston once, but that was a long time  
ago, and before he had attained to the dignity  
of master. He knew it was somewhere off  
the north end of the island, and that was the  
extent of his knowledge, but as for seeking  
information upon the subject, he would have  
seen the "Sally Ann" sunk first. The fact  
of the business was, that neither the sloop  
nor her crew were exactly prepared for any-  
thing of a voyage. The only "log" that  
Captain Job had ever kept on board was a  
meat block; for a compass, he had a pair  
that moved their legs any way you wished;  
his only needle had an eye in it, and though  
very useful in patching sails, only pointed to  
the north by accident.

So with a heavy heart, Job entered Under-  
wood's house, completed his bargain, and  
walked slowly home, muttering to himself:

"Well, if I havn't put my foot in it this  
time!"

## CHAPTER X.

CONCERNING THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING TOO "SMART"—DIAGNOSIS OF THE ALABAMA GENTLEMAN'S CASE AND THE OYSTERCURE—AN EPISODE.

THE man who goes plodding on about his business may not, perhaps, effect quite as much as his "smarter" neighbor, but what little he performs is done well and surely. Somewhat distrusting himself, feeling his way cautiously over slippery paths and upon thin ice, he comes out all right at the end. But the "smart" man pushes on, making famous headway for a time, until, from holding his head too high, or trusting himself upon too slender a foundation, down he comes, all of a sudden, tears his best breeches, falls through, and then bawls out lustily for the tortoise to assist him, and keep his head above water.

A proper degree of confidence is as necessary to the man of business as would be an India-rubber life-preserver to one floating upon his own hook on the Mississippi. A certain buoyancy is important to his safety, but there is no use in engaging a balloon, and getting so high in it that away he goes soaring above all his compeers, until the sudden collision with a castle-in-the-air, or a collapse and escape of gas, precipitates him headlong, and the severity of his fall is in proportion to the rapidity of his rise.

I was once walking with an Alabama merchant in the streets of New Orleans, when we met half a dozen evidently "up-country" youths, and so very green that they had not yet shed their "Kentucky jeans," but for all that, their hands were ornamented with fashionable canes, and their mouths adorned with cigars of the largest size and most approved pattern; and on they went, swinging the former and puffing the latter, and appearing very wide awake, indeed.

"There," said my Alabama friend, "do you see those chaps smoking their 'three-for-a-quarter' Havanas; don't they feel 'piert,' and won't they catch it before long? Some of them will be cured of their smartness by the first bucket of cold water that their conceit gets; but with others it's a disease for life. It was taken out of me in a hurry. I will tell you the story, and it's all true, which you'll probably believe; for although I am the hero of the tale, it does not tell much to my credit.

"At home I was deemed the most knowing of the family, and when a mere lad, was entrusted with some important business to transact at Columbus, a place generally supposed among us to be somewhere near the world's end, and which even my father, a steady-going, well-to-do-planter, has never visited. When I arrived at my destination I found everything ready for me, and my father's friend, knowing the dangers incident to country lads, even in so small a town, marched me off for home before night, having kept close by my side while I remained.

"Now, I had done nothing that any dog, well trained to fetch and carry, might not have performed with ease. I had seen nothing that I might not have seen at any little country town; but upon my return I became the Sir Oracle of the settlement, and my wondrous stories of ships and steamboats, theatres and circuses, made all our good neighbors open their ears and eyes, very widely indeed. In fact, I told my tales so often and so well, that I finally became impressed with their truth myself.

"When I came of age, my father, having made a good crop, and sold it at a good price, determined to send my brother and myself to Mobile to see a little of the world. The old gentleman, at our departure, cautioned me to keep a sharp look-out for John, who, as he was pleased to remark, had none of my experience to depend upon, and it would have amused you to have witnessed the gravity with which I accepted the important trust.

"Having arrived safely at Montgomery, and put up our horses at the inn, we strolled down to the landing, and when we reached the edge of the bluff, John started back in amazement.

"*'Je-rusalem!'* cried he. *'What's that?'*

"Although the sight was as new to me as to him; yet having some half-formed ideas upon the subject, I replied with great confidence:

"*'Pshaw! nothing but a steam-boat.'*

"And those monstrous tall black things growing right out of her," he continued.

"*'Boilers,'* I answered laconically. *'Come, let's go on board.'*

"On board we went, and just as we were passing behind the real boilers, the engineer must needs try their water. Whiz-iz-iz whistled the steam, almost in my very ears. Stunned and bewildered by the unwonted racket, I caught John by the collar, and dashed overboard, with great presence of mind, dragging him with me. Fortunately, the escapade was witnessed by quite a crowd of spectators. We were rescued from the water, and the alligators lost a choice supper.

"What under heaven!" sputtered John, as soon as the water he had taken in would permit him, "what under heaven was the matter?"

"Matter!" exclaimed I, "matter enough; don't you know that the boiler has bursted and we are the only ones saved?"

The guffaw from the bystanders, and as I turned round, the sight of the steamer majestic as ever, sent me to the right-about in double quick.

Poor John had enough both of sight-seeing and of my experience, and left for home next morning; but I, smoothing my ruffled feathers for the next wind-mill encounter, took passage for Mobile.

You will perhaps think that my adventure would have cured me of smartness, but not a bit of it. On the passage down the river I fell in with a pleasant, chatty stranger, and in five minutes we were the best friends in the world. He did not pretend to quite as extended a knowledge of matters and things in general as I did, but knew enough to keep himself and me also from falling into various pleasant games proposed for our amusement by certain finely dressed gentlemen on board, who had taken a violent fancy to me, upon first sight. One night my "fidus Achates" and I were conversing of the approaching pleasures we were to enjoy at Mobile, and in his catalogue the certainty of obtaining a full supply of oysters stood in the front rank.

"I can eat more oysters than any live man," said he.

Now, I had no idea what an oyster was, whether fish or flesh, biped, quadruped, or no "ped" at all; but it would not do for me to be distanced upon any track, and so replied without a moment's hesitation, "I can beat you, and never try."

"We'll have a supper together," said he,

"and the one who 'caves' first shall pay the shot."

We had the supper, and I paid the shot, and got pretty well shot in the bargain. Thus it fell out. On our first night in Mobile we adjourned from the theatre to an oyster-saloon.

"How will you take them," said he.

As I did not know what I was to take, how I was to take it, was rather a puzzle, but there was one thing I would have come down handsome to have taken, and that was the "shute."

"Any way you do," replied I at length.

He ordered a dozen raw, to be followed by a stew and a fry, and accompanied by champagne and brandy.

If you have a very powerful imagination you may perhaps conceive of the horror with which I viewed my dozen "raw." If they had killed me I would have eaten them every one, and nearly kill me they did, for the only way that I could induce any one of the dozen to remain quiet and not revisit the earth, was by pouring down the brandy and water. I "laid" them with spirits. My friend wondered at my unaccustomed thirst, but southern courtesy demanded that he should keep up with me, neck and neck, and so he did. Next came the champagne, which did its work pretty effectually, and although of the remainder of our doings I was rather oblivious at the time, yet the full particulars of our performance appeared in the bills next morning—as the newspapers say—and I learned that, fatigued with our unusual exertions we had been deposited with great care on what might be called two oyster-beds, in the room above, where we passed the night in performing the Cataract of Niagara. My friend played the American side, and I the Canada shore, which was not at all surprising, since seeing the Table rock among our last reminiscences.

The bill was pretty solid, but I paid it and it cured me."

Now, some men will not be cured, and Captain Job was one of them. In contracting for his Boston voyage, he had been guilty of one smart thing, and he was fated to do one or two more before he sought the balmy god, that night.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SEVERAL CONSIDERATIONS OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

PARIS, February, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—French immorality has long been a standard theme for declamation among Anglo-Saxon writers, so long that a little exaggeration in their treatment of the subject might not unnaturally be suspected; and yet the young man who visits Paris fresh from a Protestant country may well say that the half has not been told him. Let us give the devil his due: the French have an advantage of us in one respect. They are not a people prone to excess in strong drink. They are more temperate than the Scandinavians, the Scotch, the English, the non-total abstinence portion of the Americans. (This, by the way, is a little nut for the temperance fanatics among us: it may show them that their pet virtue is not the necessary parent and attendant of all others.) But, as regards what is more technically called immorality, the condition of Paris has not been exaggerated by any of those who have written on it—indeed, it is hardly capable of



exaggeration. It is open and glaring everywhere; he who walks may read it. The splendid print-shops on the Boulevards and in the other thoroughfares, are crowded with prints which just stop short of indecency and carry elegant voluptuousness to its utmost limits. At the theatres, there is a constant fire of questionable jokes, fornication, and adultery, the latter especially, being never-failing subject of mirth to a Parisian audience. That a young man—say twenty-six years old—should be married, is such a phenomenon to a Frenchman, that you can with difficulty persuade him of its existence. The young Parisian's mistress is a part of his establishment as much of course as his valet or his umbrella; he does not hesitate to talk about her to his sister or to any lady of his acquaintance. The most notorious lorettes occupy the best places in the theatres, vie with the greatest ladies in their equipages and dress, are canonized on the stage, and immortalized in the *feuilleton*. Indeed, fornication is too common and necessary a practice to be made much fun of; but adultery, I repeat, is a standing joke. A deceived and dishonored husband is an eternal subject of mirth to a Parisian. Now, to come back to our original theme, I believe—the reader may verify or disprove it from his own knowledge and study—that no unchaste people, especially no people that habitually made light of the marriage tie, ever was able to preserve a republican government long. (By a Republic, I do not mean a close oligarchy like the Venetian.) I believe that what Catullus said, apostrophizing the god of wedlock,—

"The land that will not render  
Service unto thee,  
Can have no defender  
For its borders free."—

was true then and has been ever since, and that the united testimony of history will shew it.

But it is well not to dwell too long on this point, lest we should forget that this licentiousness, shocking as it is, is not the most crying fault of the nation. The great and awful sin of the French is a negative one—their want of faith, their Mephistophelean incredulity for virtue, their Manichean belief in the success of evil, their Epicurean belief in things material only. Faith is surely the entelechy, the vital, energizing principle of Christianity. Christian faith was a new element introduced into theology; not like sanctioning and defining points of morality which had been imperfectly understood and rudely practised before, but something of which the Heathen had no conception: it was a new idea impressed on the human mind. And it is just this idea which the French have destroyed among themselves. They have no abiding and realizing faith in the superintending interference of God; they cannot ever sincerely echo the saying of the Greek tragedian, that the Deity is still mighty in Heaven, overseeing and ruling things below! They have no faith in the existence of great moral principles, truth, purity, integrity. They have no faith in God's creatures, man or woman, in the veracity and fidelity of the one or the virtue of the other. What little faith remains in the country is to be found in the relics of the Legitimist party, and theirs is a faith too nearly allied to superstition and bigotry, a faith which is not inconsistent with narrow-mindedness and hatred of truth, which does not interfere with intolerance on the one hand or immorality on

the other, which does not hinder the *Cor-saire*, for instance, from abusing the English and the Americans, Kossuth and Palmerston, in the most shameless way, as an interlude to its indecent narratives of actresses and its sneers at domestic life. Such a want of faith in a people is the most fatal of sins, because it is the least curable. A man may be dissipated, profane, criminal; it is a shame and a sorrow that he should be so. But so long as he acknowledges the existence of virtue, so long as he says: "I am not good, but there are those who are, and there is such a thing as goodness;" so long as he approves the *meliora* though he may run after the *deteriora*, so long there is hope for him; but when he has acquired a disbelief in virtue, and will neither be good himself nor allow any one else to be so, then is his condition fearful indeed. Moralists have erred in dwelling exclusively or chiefly on the indecency of French literature; they have applied to the Parisian novelists a test which would equally banish Rabelais and Swift and Aristophanes, and give us only family editions of Shakespeare. It is the want of belief in virtue, the chaos of principles, the apotheosis of vice, that constitutes the true mischief of these books.

How this unhappy condition of the French mind was brought about is a much disputed and much disputable question of history. The Legitimists, and the friends of old-established despotism generally throughout Europe, of course, attribute it to the excesses of the first Revolution. Liberals, as naturally, carry the causes of it farther back; and a good Protestant may be pardoned for suspecting that it is something like a judgment on the nation, for having, in old times, deliberately preferred error to truth, and intolerance to toleration; that the wicked schemes of Madame de Maintenon, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the persecutions which drove out of France the most virtuous part of its population, have been fearfully avenged on the generations succeeding. But whatever be the cause, the melancholy fact is too apparent. The sole belief of the French is material and Manichean, confessing the power of the Prince of this world. For Religion, they have set up what their writers profanely call Love, but which it is not easy to represent in one word decently and truthfully at the same time—perhaps the nearest expression to it would be *Passion*. For onward principle, they have set up outward manner; for a test of merit, they have taken—the only test they can comprehend—tangible worldly success. Hence, with the greatest refinement, and a very great intellectual superiority, the French have no moral elevation whatever. They talk a great deal about virtue, and purity, and honor, and self-denial; you will hear more about these on the French stage, and in French books and newspapers, than you will in any other country; but it is all talk, sheer *blague*, meaning nothing except to throw dust in one's eyes. They are positively incompetent to appreciate true greatness of soul. See, for instance, how the reception of Kossuth by the American people has affected the French. They were utterly unable to comprehend it. That a defeated and fugitive exile, who had nothing to give, but was himself in want of everything; that such a man should be welcomed as a hero, and his progress through a great country be like a triumphal march, was a worship of the setting

sun beyond their understanding. They could only account for it by supposing that the Americans were so puerile or so *blasés* as to run after the most insignificant objects of curiosity. A scribbler in a French newspaper calling Kossuth an insignificant object! This moral incapacity shows itself in a thousand ways—in giving prizes for virtue, and having moral comedies written to order; in the utter disregard for oaths and *à fortiori* for pledges, which so notoriously distinguishes French politicians; in the inability of French novelists, so exceedingly clever in the delineation of wickedness, to create a good man, an orthodox hero of romance.

Now, to come back to our theme again; the old saying about virtue being peculiarly necessary to the duration of a republic, hack-nied as it has become, often denied as it has been, I fully receive and endorse. The only danger is that, in drawing inferences from it, citizens of a republic may reason the wrong way, and say: *Because we are a Republic, therefore we are the most virtuous people in the world*; instead of: *If we wish to secure our Republic, we must preserve our virtue*. But faith is also most necessary, strong faith, in the institutions of the Republic, which does not prevent a wholesome watchfulness of individuals, or indeed, it must be added with sorrow, an occasional abuse of this watchfulness into unfair and embarrassing suspicions. The French have not this strong political faith; they have never had it, from the time of Louis XIV. down to this day. The frequent changes of their government are enough to show it. Had they believed in any of their governments since 1789—even in that of Napoleon—with the same earnestness which we entertain for our Constitution, it must have stood in spite of all the pressure from without.

It has been stated that the French are destitute of moral elevation. At the same time, they are very intelligent, and very *impressionable*—ready to admire what they understand—that is to say, any achievement of courage or talent. Hence it follows that a man who is clever, daring, and successful, loses no moral ground by being *unscrupulous*; his dishonesties, his illegalities, his perjuries, do not excite the same popular indignation that they would in England or America. Every reader can make the application for himself, without its being necessary for me to say anything personal in reference to the Prince-President. The French have admitted success as the best of merit; the end of success justifies, in their eyes, the adoption of all means. Such could not be the case in England or America.

Well, the French have chosen their government, as they had a perfect right to. *Si populus vult decipi decipiatur*. But Americans may draw one or two lessons from the present occurrences in France.

1. Louis Napoleon has been elected and re-elected by universal suffrage. *Ergo*, universal suffrage is not necessarily of itself a preservative of free institutions, or a preventive against tyranny. Like all other kinds of suffrage, its effect depends upon the character and wisdom of those who exercise it, not on any virtue or charm inherent in its name or form.

2. England has at present, and has had for years:

- a. Free right of travel through her territory without passports;
- b. A free Press;





new literary journal for Scotland has been commenced, to be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, under the title of "The Scottish Athenæum," the prominent features of which will be its attention to Scottish literature and art.—The establishment of a daily newspaper requires no ordinary exertions and resources, and its attempt, therefore, is an event of no common occurrence; we see an announcement of "The Politician;" its publication hour 11 o'clock, gives it facilities over its powerful competitors in presenting the whole and the latest news of each day.

Mrs. JAMESON has nearly ready a third and concluding series of "Sacred and Legendary Art," comprehending Legends of the Madonna, as represented in the fine arts. The "Sketches in Canada," by the same favorite author, will form two new parts of the Travellers' Library.—The "Literature and Romance of the North of Europe" forms the subject of two volumes from the united pens of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, enlivened with specimens of the most celebrated histories, romances, ballads, and drama, of the present age.—Mrs. Howitt has signified her intention of publishing a volume of "Records of Illustrious Women of the present Century," for which she has for some time been preparing materials. A similar work appears in course of publication in the columns of the Ladies' Newspaper, under the title of "The Women of our Time," the present number containing a memoir of Mrs. S. C. Hall, with portrait.

The Proprietors of the "Illustrated News" have commenced a fresh series of illustrated books, of a superior character and appearance to the last, in 6s. 6d. 8vo. vols.: the first volume is devoted to the "Recent Discoveries of Ancient Nineveh." Messrs. ORR & Co., in their "Readings in Popular Literature," supply at one shilling each several good works adapted for popular and family reading, including a new edition of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," a "Life of Fitzgerald," "MacKenzie's Ten Years in Australia," "Hind's Solar System," &c.; and Messrs. Cox & Co. commence a re-issue of their "Musical Miscellany," enlarged, with improved arrangements, to form a monthly Journal of music and musical literature, "Mervyn Clithero," by Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, will not be continued beyond the fourth number, for the present.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

##### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 6TH TO THE 20TH MARCH.

- A Visit to the Celestial City. 12mo. with plates, pp. 54 (Am. S. S. Union).  
 As Good as a Comedy; or, the Tennessean's Story. 12mo. pp. 251 (Phila., A. Hart).  
 Headley (P. C.)—Life of Louis Kossuth. With an Introduction by Horace Greeley. 12mo. pp. 461 (Auburn, Derby & Miller; New York, H. Perry).  
 Hentz (Caroline L.)—Marcus Warland; or, the Long Moss Spring. 12mo. pp. 287 (Phila., A. Hart).  
 Hudson (H. N.)—Works of Shakespeare. Edited by Vol. 4, 12mo. pp. 463 (Boston, Jas. Munroe & Co.).  
 Hughes (Most Rev. J.)—The Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States. 8vo. pp. 38 (New York, Dunigan & Brother).  
 Longworth (O.)—Selection of Psalms and Hymns in Use of the P. E. Church in the U. S. A., Alphabetically Arranged in Lines. 8vo. pp. 207 (Williamsburg, O. Longworth).  
 Lord (John C. D.D.)—Human Government and Laws Based upon the Divine Law and Government: a Discourse before the Law Students' Association of Buffalo, Feb. 1, 1852. 8vo. pp. 37 (Buffalo, G. H. Derby & Co.).  
 Neill (J. M.D.)—Outlines of the Nerves. Illust. 8vo. pp. 28 (Phila., Barrington & Haswell).  
 Owen (J. J.)—The Iliad of Homer according to Wolf's Text, with Copious Notes for School and College Use. 12mo. pp. 740 (Leavitt & Allen).  
 Peirce (C. H., M.D.)—Examination of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c., as to their Purity and Adulterations. 12mo. (Cambridge, John Bartlett).  
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